

FLOCK TO ROOF GARDENS

MOST POPULAR FORM OF SUMMER ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.

They Are Cool and the Music Is Good
—Theatrical Gossip of the Metropolis.

Staff Correspondence of the Journal.

NEW YORK, June 28.—The only real novelty of the week in New York amusements was the opening of the Crystal Gardens Monday night with a travesty on Belasco's "Darling of the Gods" and a wonderfully good vaudeville bill. The Crystal Gardens extend across the roof of the New York Theatre, and like Hammerstein's Paradise Garden, are encased with glass, so that inclement weather need not interfere with the entertainments. The metropolis has been having weather that can only be compared to California's rainy season, but, despite all climatic caprices, the great audience that assembled on the roof of the big uptown building last night was a very summery-looking crowd. The women were in laces and lawns and the men in light suits and straw hats and everybody seemed bent upon making a real June evening out of a night that contained precious little of the good old summer time in its make-up.

The new musical travesty, called by Geo. V. Hobart, its author, "The Darling of the Gods," is a jumble of Broadway slang, burlesque of a rather boisterous sort, frivolous musical numbers and hilarious chorus girls—a typical New York summer show and amusing from the viewpoint of the blasé folk who make up the greater portion of the roof garden audiences. The piece follows pretty closely the Japanese drama which it purports to satirize and occasionally it contains some clever bits of nonsense. The music, according to the programme, is by Ben Jerome, the writer of popular songs, who was evidently aided considerably in writing the score by John Philip Sousa, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Richard Wagner and others who never heard of the show. Emma Carus, the little girl with the big voice, who is dressed up to visit the Empire in Indianapolis with Night Owls and Vanity Fairs and Bon Tons and Crackerjacks and other queer things, plays the principal part in the new production and makes the hit of the performance with her "baritone" vocalisms. She was made for roof garden—was Miss Carus—for her voice not only fills every nook and corner of the colossal amusement place, but pours out into the night and stirs up things for miles around. Tride Frigiana attempts to burlesque Blanche Bates, but she is not entirely in her element and succeeds only in a small measure in creating laughter. But the audience was more than willing to be pleased at anything last night, and "The Darling of the Gods"—the title signifies "no or nothing"—swept on to a pretty fair success.

By far the best feature of the entertainment at the Crystal Gardens, however, is the new spectacular vaudeville act prepared by Ned Wayburn and called "The Minstrel Girls." It is a genuine novelty and promises to be the talk of the town in amusement circles. When the curtain rises on the act a long table is seen in the rear of the stage littered with "stinky-haired" wigs, broken combs and "make-up" boxes. The band strikes up a lively march and then comes a minstrel procession that would make the genial Al G. Field turn green with envy. The procession is composed of eighteen pretty girls in the gorgeous, flaring costumes of the old-time minstrel troupes. They march for a time to the swinging music and then, lining up behind the long table, proceed to "make-up" for the first part in full view of the audience. Identities are lost; blondes, brunettes and red-headed girls become a confusing mass of kinky hair and burnt cork until finally—the whole act is timed to perfection—they complete their make-up work in unison and stand forth along the edge of the footlights—eighteen little coon girls in a row. The audience was taken completely by surprise last night and to say that the Minstrel girls scored a hit is to put it very mildly indeed. The girls proceed to give an old-fashioned "first part" as a conclusion to their act and this is well done, too, but it is the make-up feature that takes the audience by storm and that will cause the unique little entertainment to be considered one of the best things in New York this summer.

The other summer gardens in Manhattan are all drawing great crowds nightly. Bandmaster Duss's "Venice in New York" continues to entertain large audiences in the Madison Square Garden, the vastness and airiness of the place seeming to appeal to the public. The beauties of the garden in its mimic representation of the Queen City of the Adriatic are greatly admired by all visitors, while the nightly concerts by the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, under the direction of Duss, are interesting to all people, the programmes being arranged so as to contain an equal amount of the classic and the "popular." Wednesday evening was "Wagner night" and an exact imitation of the house in which the great German composer died in Venice was erected and brilliantly illuminated in one corner of the garden while all of the musical programme was made up of Wagner's works. Last Monday evening Duss became sarcastically merry and gave away miniature rubber boots to the audience and miniature mackintoshes to the women in honor of the prolonged rainy weather in New York. The constant rainfall during the last three weeks has doubtless kept down the attendance at the garden to some extent, but even at that there are large crowds present every night.

Mary Howe, once well known and well liked in Indianapolis in the old days of vaudeville, was the soloist last week, and her voice, though perhaps not so glorious as it was eight years ago, was heard to the advantage, carrying perfectly to every part of the great garden and filling the "Venetian air" with bird-like melody.

At Hammerstein's Paradise Gardens the Hoosier Zouaves, whose splendid drill and great success were explained about in this column last Sunday, continue to arouse tremendous enthusiasm every evening. Captain Fox and his little company of Indianapolis boys are making a record in New York of which they may well feel proud. There is no doubt now that they will remain as the leading feature of the vaudeville bill at Hammerstein's until September. The bill changes from week to week and new acts come and go, but the band of hustling Hoosiers remains at the same old stand—the substantial bit of the show.

At the St. Nicholas Gardens, Creator, the acrobatic Italian, still conducts his band of black-eyed musicians, and vaudeville features are given during the concert intermissions. Creator objected to the vaudeville act at first, declaring that such things were not in keeping with his dignified programmes, but the management finally persuaded him to mind his own business and not worry about the vaudeville portion of the entertainment. So he gnawed his drooping black mustache, shook his black mane, shrugged his nervous shoulders and held his rebellious tongue. Money has tempted

him to be untrue to his artistic temperament, but he says that gold couldn't cause him to be anywhere near when the heathenish vaudeville folks are getting in their devilish work. He runs away and hides in his dressing room during those dreadful intermissions.

"The Earl of Pawtucket," Augustus Thomas's best comedy, celebrated the one-hundred-and-fiftieth performance of its successful run at the Manhattan Theatre the other night, and the event was quite a brilliant one. The beautiful little theater was decorated with a blending of the American and British flags and many notables were in the boxes and orchestra seats. One box was occupied by Captain Wringe, of Sir Thomas Lipton's cup challenger, Shamrock III, and several members of his crew. Big, sunburned, brawny fellows, they are, and they attracted a great deal of attention. In another box was Sir Percy Sanderson, the British consul to New York, while Charles M. Schwab, the multimillionaire, entertained a party of friends in a stage box. The English nobleman and the sailors of the Shamrock seemed to enjoy immensely the complications and laughable situations in which the hero of the comedy, a London swell, becomes entangled while masquerading as an American from Pawtucket, and at the end of the first act these distinguished guests were taken behind the scenes and presented to their fellow countryman, Lawrence D'Orsay, who is making the hit of his life in the bright new Thomas comedy. Much has been written about D'Orsay since "The Earl of Pawtucket" ran in New York, but he is an actor that must be seen to be appreciated, and it is seen once it is altogether likely that the spectator will want to see him again. He is unlike any other comedian on the American stage. He is a delectable history-drama and although he presents what might be considered a somewhat exaggerated type of the British man of fashion he is so natural in everything he does, his manner is so free from theatrical effect and his humor is so entirely unforced that one loses sight of the fact that he is acting and looks upon him as quite the "real thing"—the very individual that he is picturing so delightfully.

Visitors in New York should by all means witness the quiet, witty little comedy, as there is no telling when it will be seen outside of the metropolis. Its run will continue at the Manhattan until September, when it will move over to the Princess Theatre on Broadway for an indefinite stay.

Henry E. Dixey closes his New York engagement in "Facing the Music" Saturday night and will open in Chicago in the same play next Monday evening. He has met with success in his new comedy thus far, and will probably continue to play it throughout next season. With Dixey out of town Lawrence D'Orsay and his associates at the Manhattan will have the legitimate field to themselves. For in all this big city there is "nothing doing" worth mentioning in a dramatic way aside from "The Earl of Pawtucket." Everything is musical comedy, vaudeville and popular concerts. "The Prince of Pilsen" continues to please large audiences at the Broadway. "The Runaways," rejuvenated with the advent of Fay Templeton, is drawing better than ever at the Casino. "The Girl in the Garden," with the popular Blanche Ring to help the piece along, is entertaining large crowds at the Knickerbocker; a summer stock opera company is presenting a repertoire of the old comic operas at Terrace Garden; "The Knickerbocker Girl," which threatened at first to prove a failure, has been whipped into better form and is in for a run at the Herald Square, and all of the vaudeville houses are doing as good business as if the season were midwinter. The new comic opera, "Otoko," will be the feature of the second season of "Japan by Night" on the roof of Madison-square Garden, beginning Saturday night, and will be reviewed in this column next Saturday.

THE THEATER-GOING PUBLIC.

It Does Not Consist of One Class of Persons Only.

Henry Tyrrell, in the Forum.

One swallow does not make a summer; nor is one theater, or even one group of theaters, to be taken as a general barometer of the theatrical taste of the theater-going public. What a singular fatuity is that, common to short-sighted managers and unthinking scribes, which makes them patronizingly refer to the aforesaid great theater-going public as "it"—as though they were studying the vagaries of a circus elephant or the soundings of a captive whale!

There are as many publics as there are theaters. Each one of these little publics is liable to change its mind as often as the house changes its bill. The continuous drawing quality of a "Darling of the Gods" may be the result of the fact that Mr. David Belasco's genius as a stage manager, but it is not a sure sign that the public wants pseudo-Japanese melodrama. The popularity of "Mr. Bluebeard" at the Knickerbocker no more proves that all Manhattan is mad for the production of a pantomime than the unabating success of "Everyman" at the Garden and elsewhere proves that the theater-going public is morbidly religious. Now, it is a self-evident proposition that whereas a million people can stay away nightly from a given performance or spectacle which does not attract, only a thousand can crowd into a theater where a "hit" has been scored. Therefore, an unequivocal failure is a thousand times more significant than an apparent or alleged success. If we are to consider the New York play-going public as a whole, we must base our judgment upon what we know that public unanimously rejects, rather than upon what interested parties would have us believe it has by detachments accepted. The truth is that the present era of national prosperity, with its consequent neglect of ideals, its easy-going and careless tasting of whatever comes along, its impatience of austerity in any form, is a golden harvest-time for the mercenary theatrical speculators. Here is the opportunity for the money-changers to rush into the temple. Demoralization will speedily follow; but meanwhile many a quick fortune is made by foisting spurious and inferior theatrical goods upon a generous, undiscriminating public that pays for the best. The play or player that no New York audience, in such a period, can be induced to "stand for" must be very bad indeed.

Incidentals.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

It costs \$3.50 per week to feed the students at August University. Of this, \$1.87 is for food and the rest for incidentals. This explains why it is cheaper to live in the country, where they don't have incidentals.

The Long Road Over the Hill.

Cope and meadow and winding stream,
And voices calling to rocks that stray;
And the bluebird's heart and the of the sort
And the hamlet, fair in the dying day;
Blooming orchard, branching willow,
A rose gray tower, a dusky mill, murmuring
low by the water-side—
And the long road over the hill.
Oh, my soul, wilt thou farther fare?
Here is plenty, and here is peace.
Surely blessed, beyond compare,
Are these, secure in their tranquil lease,
Who take, with thanks, what the gods bestow—
Flower and fruit of the field or hill,
And tarry, content, while the travelers go
By the long road over the hill.
Never the call to strive they hear—
Never the din of the moiling throng,
But blithely greetings and songs of cheer—
Fare at mirth and at even song.
These, and the mill wheel's drowsy hum,
Pipe of bird and babble of rill,
And the tinkle of bells, when the slow kine come
To the hamlet under the hill.
And thus for aye would I have them bide—
Wholly happy and simply wise;
Never to dream of a boon denied,
Far adventure or vain empire,
Never to dream of a boon denied,
But I would be the traveler still
Who looks and envisions and goes his way—
The long road over the hill.

—William Young, in Scribner's Magazine.

HOUSEBOATING ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

By SVEN HEDIN

Houseboating on the roof of the world—feet-footed savages for occasional neighbors, tigers providing nightly concerts, and wild boar meat to keep the specter of vegetarianism away—an explorer must make the best of everything.

The good ship Kanhyi, selected to carry me to Lopnor country on the broad back of the Jaskent-Darja, served as a ferry at Lajlik, East Turkestan until native carpenters, under my direction, turned her into a spacious houseboat, where subsequently the most comfortable three months of all my Asiatic experiences were spent.

At the prow I built a deck, and above it reared an auxiliary boat—its main piece of furniture, as it fit, the writing desk, constructed of several large packing cases. This served as my lookout during the 200-mile trip. Nothing escaped me there, no sandbank, curve or other feature on land or water.

A photographic gallery, made of planks, occupied the center of the boat, and adjoining was the dark chamber, formed by black quilts and rubber covers. The necessary water was supplied by a pail on the roof, which fed the samovar, the impromptu bath for the plates. At the rear of the boat were the baggage shed, servants' bunks and a brick fireplace, marking the cook's sphere of usefulness. But I, too, often sat there during the cool autumn nights and evenings. Our very extensive stores filled an auxiliary boat flanked by the assistant cook. Aside from flour, rice, grapes, melons, pears and a stock of conserves brought from Sweden, we had a number of live sheep and chickens. When I walked out there among my goods and chattels I felt as if I were in my own farmyard. As companions I had several dogs. I also commanded a small English cowboat for occasional reconnoitering purposes.

On the eve before our departure I invited the entire native population to a grand supper—there was tea and rice pudding for all comers and plenty of both delicacies; also the identical band which serenaded me in 1895, when I started on the fateful desert trip, where death by thirst and exhaustion killed off my caravan. Their music was as melancholy to-day as then, and the bare-legged dancing girls had lost none of their comeliness.

On the morning of Sept. 17 I marshaled my caravan of sixteen camels and as many horses, placing Shishin and Tjernoft, the Cossacks given me by the Emperor of Russia, in absolute command. Excellent fellows, these, alike capable of surveying and sea, storming a battery, contending against a savage tribe or of acting as scouts, spies or diplomatic representatives. My orders were that they proceed via Akon and Korla to a certain spot on the lower Tarin, where I expected to overtake them.

I had five boatmen, skilled in moving the ferry by long poles and keeping her from drifting shorewards. Indeed, they were old body servants, as usual looked after my personal comforts, and, taken altogether, my houseboating trip on the roof of the world opened under most favorable auspices. I had reason to congratulate myself on having chosen that idyllic mode of travel.

To live on a mighty river, observing its manifold life, its rise and fall, the capricious zigzag lines it cuts into the ever-changing landscape, was a great boon to a man like me, used to travel on horseback, or to look upon strange worlds from the rocking back of a camel.

Here was all peace and restfulness. The current shouldered most of the work and I had little else to do but sit at my desk and take it easy. Instead of rushing after sights they came to me; it was like occupying an orchestra box and viewing a series of panoramas painted by an artist's brush. Moreover, I was always at home, traveling, as it were, through the interior of unknown Asia like a small house strapped on back. On hot days I used to take off my clothes and take a "header" from the top of my writing desk—old explorers may have a better time? And, no matter how busy I might be, there was always room for the dinner service among field glasses, compasses, surveying apparatus and what-not. The meteorological observatory was established on the roof of the cabin; there barograph and thermograph told eloquently of changed seasons and other terrestrial affairs.

We had scarcely proceeded twenty miles when we touched bottom—stranded in unpeopled Turkestan; but it was only a joke. The boatmen jumped in, head over heels, and soon released us, but the incident taught me a trick in admiralty. After that I let the auxiliary vessel go ahead to warn us against approaching dangers. By the way, I kept track of everything that happened during our long journey, but soon tired of nothing but accidents of the sort described; they were altogether too numerous. We must have foundered at least 300 times. We traveled by day only; when night came the men went into camp on shore, keeping up a big fire, while I remained on board.

In the neighborhood of Kottokid, a suc-

cession of waterfalls was encountered, but the "Kanhyi" was equal to the task and slipped over the thundering cascades as gracefully as a party of tobogganing young ones. However, at the bottom of the last fall, we met with an almost serious accident, being thrown violently against the shore, so that my writing desk and instruments could be saved by heroic efforts only. At that point, the river branches out into two arms. The one we selected was so narrow in spots that all hands had to go to work with poles to squeeze the ferry through, while the other was even more dangerous on account of driftwood, giant poplars for the most part. At the point mentioned, I again entered upon the unhabited regions. The prevailing stillness during daytime was most appalling. Not a bird, not a jumping fish, no single insect, even, for frost had killed off the misquitos and the ferry made no manner of noise, gliding along in ghost-like calm.

But of nights, big cats and other animals made things lively. By the light of the fires on the poop and water edge, we witnessed exciting hunts; mighty tigers chasing the graceful antelope, ferocious bears attacking wild cats, deer and roe to wallow in their blood. The embankments were covered with virgin forests, forming a continuous black thicket, the tunnels and corridors of which no sunbeam ever penetrated.

Thus we went, on day after day, week after week, through mystic forest thoroughfares that in more than one respect recalled the streets of ancient Venice, her palaces transformed into trees, her quays into banks of golden burlesques. When the current was slow, I saw my gondoliers lean lazily on their poles again, when the wind was high, the Jaskent Darja was sometimes covered from shore to shore with yellow leaves and greens like the Sargasso sea.

The further we got, the more complicated was the serpentine, described by the river. At one time we sailed 1,400 meters to cover a distance of 180 meters—one-ninth, more and we would have made a perfect circle and not infrequently we passed at 11 a. m., a second time the spot from which we had started at 8 o'clock.

Arriving at Nasar-tag, I decided to lay up for a few days to revive my charts. During the night of the 12th to the 13th of October, the thermometer dropped below zero. In the evening of Oct. 17, late, we noticed "dery tongues" between the trees on the embankment, the phenomenon being due to peculiar apparatus used by the savage herdsmen of Turkestan to frighten away the tiger. I threw a quantity of oil on our cook stove to make the fire flare up, but strangers no sooner saw our boat with its short-like cabin when they fled into the forest, leaving their sheep behind. I tried my best to reassure these innocent people, but succeeded not. Let us hope that none of them were eaten by the fierce cats on our account.

This adventure only increased the anxiety I felt for meeting the strange inhabitants of Tarim virgin forests, yet to attain that end we had to turn man-stealers. I confess with shame. No matter how we approached them, or what inducements we offered, the herdsmen would run like frightened antelopes as soon as they caught sight of us or our ferry. So nothing would do but to ambush a handful of them and carry them triumphantly to the boat, where they were feasted and amused until they lost their shyness and became tranquil. To those poor men I am obliged for many geographical facts spread on the pages of my diaries.

As we entered upon the neighborhood of Arrat, we fell in with a party of horsemen belonging to the local governor—picturesque fellows, out for the hunt, who carried falcons and eagles upon their heavily gloved wrist-like knights and dames of the middle ages. The world, you perceive, is going "round and customs abandoned by us to-day are likely to be adopted as quite new by our antiques sooner or later.

A few days later we ran into miles upon miles of wild geese, traveling Indians. They must have seen us first, for suddenly, there was a shrill signal; the bird cloud shot up high in the air, and thereafter maintained a distance of from four to five hundred feet from our masthead.

Talk of tactical maneuvers by the great generals of the day! I never saw a better disciplined troop, more regularly divided into army corps, divisions, regiments and companies. And as to the field marshals, they were as sure of the road as the waters from melting glaciers seeking the bed of the Lop-nor.

They Flock Home Again.

Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Russell Sage thinks that "the united family feeling of the old days seems to be gone," and adds: "Take any of our rich families as an example and see how they are scattered over the earth." While there is a good deal of truth in Mrs. Sage's remark, she perhaps fails to appreciate that being "scattered over the earth" is a different thing now from what it was in her early days. Communication by wire and travel by fast trains and ships have in time shortened distances tremendously. A person can travel half way around the earth in less time now than it took to travel half way across the United States half a century ago.

STARS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE COMING



Forbes Robinson and Gertrude Elliott, who are among England's most noted theatrical stars, will appear in this country in September next in George Fennell's version of Rudyard Kipling's book "The Light that Failed." This will be Forbes Robinson's first appearance in this country and also Miss Elliott's first appearance in company with Robinson. The noted pair will open at Buffalo, tour the country and wind up with a run in New York.

DR. MILES' Anti-Pain Pills



Quickly and effectively in all cases of Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Lumbago, Sea-Sickness, Car-Sickness, Irritability, Periodic, Bearing-down and Ovarian Pains.

"I was suffering with La Grippe; I could not sleep at night, my appetite was poor and I was very nervous. I began taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and was soon able to attend to my household duties. I had suffered frequently with neuralgia for twenty-five years, but I am now completely cured. I always keep the Pain Pills in the house."

MRS. S. A. HARTSOCK, Woodstock, Ind.

W. J. DAVIS, Attorney, Goshen, Ind., writes: "For a great many years I was an intense sufferer from periodical attacks of headache. I tried quite a number of remedies; some gave temporary relief, others none. Two years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills which relieved me, and now keep a package constantly on hand, but do not often need them, as I am practically cured."

"Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills cured my headache when everything else failed, and they left no bad effects as is usual with headache powders. I would not be without them for three times their cost. I know them to be the best headache remedy in the world."

B. D. WYLLIE, Montpelier, Ind.

"My husband and daughter have been great sufferers from rheumatism, but have found quick relief in the use of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, or pain of any kind, which they immediately relieve. I take great pleasure in recommending them to be exactly as represented."—MRS. IDA HOLMES, 24 Euclid Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

REV. W. H. SHERAK, Peru, Ind., says: "I had a severe attack of neuralgia in my face. I was almost crazed with pain, suffered intensely several hours, and was unable to get to sleep. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, letting it dissolve in my mouth; in less than fifteen minutes I felt relief. After an hour I took another tablet, and soon the pain was all gone and I fell into a natural, refreshing sleep, from which I awoke without any pain or disagreeable effects that follow opiates. My wife used them for toothache and mother for headache with excellent results."



Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, La Grippe, Pain in Stomach, Ague Pains, Indigestion, Dizziness, Nervousness and Sleeplessness.

"I keep Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills constantly on hand and find them beneficial to myself and family in all cases of Headache, Neuralgia, or pain of any kind."

MRS. C. B. HEAVER, 118 Columbia Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"For years I have been subject to frequent attacks of Rheumatism and Neuralgia; excruciating pains in my right leg and left hip, and often in my chest, depriving me of sleep and rendering me unable to get on my feet. I have tried many remedies, but have never found relief. I now take a Pain Pill promptly when first symptoms appear, and they never fail to ward off the attack, so that I do not suffer as formerly. Many who are familiar with my case have, with a box of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, directed me to take one pill at once, another in thirty minutes and in an hour another. I thanked him and took the pills as advised, with the result that within three hours I was free from pain, and in and out of my system as easily as ever, and within 48 hours was entirely free from pain, and have since had no symptoms of Lumbago. Anti-Pain Pills cured me, and I wish everyone afflicted in like manner would take them and be cured."

M. F. HUBBARD, Farmland, Ind.

"I had an attack of Lumbago about a year ago, while on my route delivering milk, and suffered such agony that it was almost impossible for me to assist from my wagon. I was treated without relief by two leading physicians. I also applied powerful plasters with like results. A friend told me of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and directed me to take one pill at once, another in thirty minutes and in an hour another. I thanked him and took the pills as advised, with the result that within three hours I was free from pain, and in and out of my system as easily as ever, and within 48 hours was entirely free from pain, and have since had no symptoms of Lumbago. Anti-Pain Pills cured me, and I wish everyone afflicted in like manner would take them and be cured."

JOHN R. SHAFER, 170 Washington Boulevard, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by all druggists, 25 cents a box, under a positive guarantee that the first box will benefit or money refunded.

The Genuine Dr. Miles' Remedies are never sold at cut prices.

LAND OF MYSTERY.

British Government is About to Send a Commission to Tibet.

Providence Journal.

If it is true that the British government has at last obtained permission to send a friendly mission to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, some really new information will in the course of a year or two be offered to the world. Though dates in Tibetan history that can be relied upon as historical go back as far as the middle of the seventh century of the Christian era, that country has remained up to the present day the least known to geographers of any section of the world. To Lhasa, indeed, that fascinating city of religion and mystery, only three Europeans were able to penetrate during the whole of the nineteenth century, though several reached here in earlier times. The reports brought back by none of these daring and especially fortunate explorers do much more than whet the appetite for further information.

It seems strange, of course, that any corner of the earth should have been able to keep itself such an almost complete terra incognita till this late day; but its situation and the peculiarities of its government readily explain the fact. The country is about three times the size of France in area, is the loftiest plateau of that extent in the world, and is situated at an average height of 10,000 feet. Indeed, it has been estimated, though the estimate is probably slightly exaggerated, that the average height of Tibetan lands is that of the summit of Mont Blanc. The plateau is entirely surrounded by a circle of mountains, which would have made access to the country extremely difficult, even if there had not been other natural barriers.

The Tibetans are a Mongolic race, though more closely allied to the Burmese than to the Chinese proper, and for nearly two centuries their country has been a sort of Chinese dependency. Two imperial Chinese embassies from Peking resided at Lhasa, but their power over the internal affairs of the land is generally understood to be nominal.

It is not known whether the Tibetan government has never yet become fully known to the outside world. Religion, of course, is the chief factor in the life of the Tibetans, and whether it rests wholly in the hands of the Dalai Lama, who is the head of the monasteries, has not been made clear. The rule is said to be a mixture of theocratic and secular, and the Tibetans have since been by way of obtaining distant glimpses of the way these mysterious people are managed. It is not even known whether the Dalai Lama himself is Pope or Incarnation.

About all that is known, in fact, is that some mystery-shrouded authority all European explorers who have sought to penetrate Tibet have been met by an opposition that has baffled them and driven them back. These few have been effectively prevented from doing anything but what they have been speedily returned whence they came. Even accredited emissaries of the Indian government have been treated with inactivity, though some trade between India and the lofty plateau was once maintained through specially trained Indians. Long ago, however, the passes into India were closed, and all commercial intercourse with the Tibetans has since been by way of Nepal. About a dozen years ago the French tried to open a route from Tonquin, but their efforts were fruitless.

The general supposition among all foreigners has been that it was Chinese influence that was strongest among the artificial barriers to entrance into Tibet. But now, quite unexpectedly to everybody it seems, a dispatch has come from Peking saying that permission has been granted for a mission to Lhasa to discuss questions of boundary and commerce about which the governments of India and Tibet have long been at variance. A satisfactory explanation of this apparent change of attitude is not forthcoming. But of course the permission will be eagerly seized; Lord Curzon will presently start a carefully selected commission on the welcome duty, and the Lamas, whatever their feelings in the matter may be, not daring surely to defy both Peking and Simla, will receive the envoys at least courteously.

Overlooking both China and India, this practically unknown land of Tibet might become a factor of great importance in international complications in that part of the world; the British in particular must have a lively practical interest in the future of what is already a buffer state for India not less important than Afghanistan. But for the world at large the interest in the coming official visit of trained European observers to a land of mystery, whose capital but three pairs of white men's eyes have fallen upon in over a hundred years, must be mainly in what new contributions to general knowledge will be brought back.

They Gave All.

What can we do for those who did so much? What can we give to those who gave us all. And, giving, passed from human to god and touch in death's recession?

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison, in Munsey.

For us they gave with actions—not with lips; For us they gave their manhood to the sword; These men who went down to the sea in ships, Or fell upon the sword.

Feed your horse JAMES'S Dustless Oats.

FRANK H. CARTER

...DRUGGIST...

15 West Washington Street and 776 Massachusetts Avenue.

Two stores full of goods and everything at bottom prices.

Duffy's Malt.....79c
Peruna.....65c
Kodol, for Dyspepsia.....40c and 75c
Graham's Dyspepsia Cure 20c, 40c, 75c
Finner's Kidney and Backache Cure.....40c and 75c
Danderine.....15c, 38c and 75c
Bromo-Seltzer.....18c, 38c and 75c
Atomizers, Hot Water Bottles, Fountain and Bulb Syringes and all rubber goods at the lowest prices consistent with quality.

MARVEL Whirling Spray Syringe.....\$2.50

A Summer Necessity.....

A Summer Luxury are combined in a refreshing shower bath, such as we are prepared to install in any house. It's only a slight additional expense to tub, and once you have it you wouldn't part with it for the world. Let us tell you about it.

C. ANESHAENSEL & CO.

"The Plumbers"

Nos. 29-33 East Ohio Street.

PIERCE CYCLES...

Spring Forks, Cushion Frames, Center Driven Chainless, Pierce Coaster Brakes.

"BETTER THAN THE BEST."

G. H. WESTING, 219 Mass. Ave.

YOUR SUMMER VACATION.

If you take one you will want to keep in touch with home. The best way to do this is to have the Journal mailed to you. Leave your order before starting. We will change the address as often as you desire.

SEALS, STENCILS AND STAMPS.

For Mayer, Seals, Stencils, Stamps, Catalogue Free. BADGES, CHECKS ETC. TEL. 126. 15 CENTRAL ST. CHICAGO, ILL.